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Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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"GIVE ME 'CHANGE 1914, PLEASE."

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

THE ROYALTIES AND THE THEATRES.

King Edward and Mrs. George Keppel.

Mrs. George Keppel looked very handsome in her costume of dark mouse-grey velvet, sable stole, and smart round black velvet toque, at the Gaiety Theatre repetition of the Picture Ball tableaux, when Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria occupied the centre loge. Queen Alexandra's activities lately are remarkable. Never, even in the days of her Queendom, was she more active than in 1913, and the silly statements of some of the quidnuncs that she was to retire from public life after the accession of King George and Queen Mary have been amazingly falsified. In days of yore King Edward was a great admirer of Mrs. George Keppel, who is one of the Edmonstones of Duntreath Castle, and is the wife of Lord Albemarle's brother, the Hon. George Keppel.

* * *

How Mrs. Keppel Made King Edward Laugh.

One day King Edward was out rowing alone with Mrs. Keppel, who used to be a great beauty, and is still very "nutty," when His Majesty noticed three old courtiers put off in a boat, and row in their direction. King Edward said to Mrs. Keppel, pointing to the old gentlemen of the entourage, "Here come the 'three men in a boat'." Mrs. Keppel was rowing, but instantly looking up, she remarked "They look more like the Cruise of the Ancient Lights!" One can easily imagine the hearty peal of laughter that rang out over Virginia Water from H.M. at this sally. Mrs. Keppel has been familiar with the Royal Family all her life, as in the days of her childhood the Royalties, when in Scotland, always called at Duntreath, where the then owner was an old sea-faring baronet, who had scored in more than one good fight at sea. He was Mrs. George Keppel's grand-sire.

* * *

Pearl Aufrere Expecting Trouble.

I hear that Pearl Au[illegible]aving some "perfect ducks" of photogra[illegible]eparation for the expected Breach of Pro[illegible]st Lord Dangan, when he returns from [illegible]in America, and has to give the lady a [illegible]' to the question "Are we on, or are we [illegible]gan's letters are very amusing, as he was [illegible]ubtedly violently in love with Pearl, and po[illegible]t all as seriously as if she had spent her life milking cows. Anyway, she is worthy of Dangan right enough, only the poor young Viscount is pursued by such accursed ill-luck. My own opinion is that if he had the *pice* he'd marry Pearl by telegraph, without waiting to get back to London. But what can a poor devil do on two-ten a week, and the dignity of an English viscounty to maintain? At the same time, Pearl's powers of money-spinning are by no means insignificant, and though she is no longer quite the slim flapper she was a couple of years ago, there are few more delightful little "pieces" on the London stage.

* * *

A Society Mystery Solved.

For four years a curious mystery has surrounded the suicide of young Lord Eliot, the eldest son and heir of the then Earl of St. Germans, of Port Eliot, Cornwall. The suicide of this promising young aristocrat was his father's death-blow, and Lord St. Germans was not long in following his son to the grave. That there were grave financial troubles between the young man and his father was well known, but the details, for obvious reasons, were left unspoken. Now the secret is out. Lord Eliot was 24, and had been serving with the Coldstream Guards in Egypt, prior to his return to Port Eliot in 1909. He had arranged to play a Plymouth team at cricket, with a Cornish team of his own, but on the morning of the match he was missing for some hours, and when a search was made, his Lordship was found in the gun-room at Port Eliot, with his brains all over the floor. His young brother, John Eliot, succeeded to the title, and when the old Earl died, he became the present and sixth Earl of St. Germans.

* * *

Story of the 1908 Cesarewitch.

But "Suicide will out," and now we learn, from the ubiquitous Mr. Dey, that it was subsequent to Lord Eliot's disappointment over his bet about Yentoi for the 1908 Cesarewitch, that Lord Eliot ended his brief career in the tragic manner just narrated. Lord Eliot must have been going it pretty heavily, if he was accustomed to make thousand-pound-bets with bookies. The Eliots are a wealthy family, but not so wealthy that they can never be "on the rocks!" But when Lord Eliot, having 1,000 to one on Yentoi, found that horse romp home, leaving him with winnings of £16,000 at the expense of the rich bookmaker, Tom Dey, his youthful Lordship had cause to feel that his ruinous career might turn out a lucky one after all. Yentoi would have retrieved some very bad bets—even at £1,000 to one! But what happened?

* * *

"From the Sublime to the ——"

On the morning of the 1908 Cesarewitch, Lord Eliot sent the hall porter of his club (the Bachelors) round to Tom Dey's office with the bet. The bet was taken by Tom's man, Carr, and his Lordship went off to the races. Imagine his delight when he saw Yentoi pass the post a fine winner. Conceive the bliss of the young Guardsman as he swaggered into the Bachelors, to receive the "congratters" of his friends over Yentoi's wonderful win! Dream of the champagne that was popped on that memorable night, and then——think what Lord Eliot's feelings must have been when Tom Dey coolly informed him that the bet had never been considered, and that, though received, it had fallen unopened into the waste-paper basket, and that, *in any case*, Tom Dey was not taking bets with Lord Eliot for over £250. In other words, the bet meant a clear £1,000 for Tom Dey *before* the race, and a loss of £16,000 *after* it. (Tom's waste-paper basket must be the most important item of furniture in his office). Anyway, the bookie who was advertising that he was worth a hundred thousand pounds could scarcely afford to refuse recognition of a bet received by his own clerk. So, what did he do?

* * *

An Unlucky Family.

Tom Dey informed Lord Eliot that he would recognise the wager, in so far as £250 went, and as Lord Eliot apparently could not help himself, he accepted the result of the bargain—which was £4,250. But, on the strength of his wonderful win over Yentoi, Lord Eliot had plunged recklessly, with the usual result! His £16,000 cheque having failed to eventuate, a gun-shot terminated his disappointment. Lord Eliot was a smart young fellow, but he came of an unlucky family. His father, the fifth Earl of St. Germans, only came into the earldom because his three elder brothers all met tragic deaths while still young, one of whom fell at Inkerman with the Coldstreams. The Eliots have been settled upon their estates in Cornwall for five hundred years.

A HORRIBLE THOUGHT.

"Don t you laugh at 'em, Bill. We may 'ave to come to to it ourselves one of these days."

Cromwell Road Agog.

The Cromwell Road aristocracy have been enjoying themselves lately! Half-a-dozen of the "best people" of that locality have just been very much "in the sun." Major Vereker, who is well-known in that distinguished thoroughfare, and is a cousin of Viscount Gort, has been telling his story of matrimonial infelicity, while his good wife has been telling how her husband seduced the housemaid, boxed her (Mrs. Vereker's) ears when she mentioned it to him, and how he used to draw pictures of her with unpleasant names under them. Major Vereker probably has an Indian liver, and that should excuse a lot! Not far down the Road, one of the noble peers, resident thereabout, hasn't seen his wife for twelve months, and though he knows there is another man in the case, he has not so far been able to get the evidence he requires in order to free himself from the unlucky yoke. The lady has been on the Riviera for months, and lots of things can happen there without anything being absolutely proveable.

Then there is that cheery, but pugnacious, sportsman, Sir Robert Wilmot (who is naturally interesting to the Eardley-Wilmots at No. 63) "in the cart" again for his old offence—keeping dogs without licenses. "Bob" Wilmot, as they know him in the Berks-and-Bucks country, has a constitutional objection to licenses for stag-hounds and game. So keenly afflicted with this "objection" is he that he has been fined at different times on account of at least a score of hounds, and the costs of the "objection" have proved an expensive one for the contumacious baronet.

* * *

The Palladium to be Honoured in 1914.

Our present Royalties are exercising a commendable freedom in their selection of theatres for their evening amusements, and the other night the King and Queen of Norway took the Princess Royal and Princess Maud of Fife to the Lyceum to see "Under Two Flags." The Prince of Wales was also of the party, and so delighted were the Royalties with the play that when they got back to Marlborough House they so excited the imagination of Queen Alexandra that, two nights later, the Queen-Mother herself went to the Lyceum, and appeared to be thoroughly enjoying herself throughout the performance. I hear that next year the Palladium will receive the honour of a visit from their Majesties. King George and Queen Mary have never yet been to the fine house in Argyll Street, and the huge Royal arms on the Royal box have not, so far, had Royal fingers dangling over them. The Coliseum, the Palace, and the Hippodrome have each been Royally honoured more than once, and the Palladium crowd feels somewhat "out in the cold," especially as the programme is in no sense inferior to the other houses. By the way, the talk of a new Palladium (was it not to have been called the Parthenon), somewhere near Piccadilly Circus, seems to have *ended* in talk! Palladium prices have gone up lately, which seems to indicate that a new house is wanted on the same lines!

* * *

The King and Lord Burnham.

As we remarked last week, King George holds his father's example in most things sacred. Hence he maintains pretty much the same visiting-list as in the last reign, and one of the items religiously followed is the acceptance of Lord Burnham's annual invitation to Hall Barn. So this week King George has been shooting in the preserves of the smart old gentleman, whose father bought the *Daily Telegraph* for a song sixty years ago, and turned it into a fortune-maker. When Edward Levy, as he was then, purchased Hall Barn, he gave £170,000 for it, and it is now worth half a million! Edward Levy first became Sir Edward Levy-Lawson, and, later on, Lord Burnham. He has been a great light in the journalistic world for well over half a century, and his sons are worthy of their sire. It must be very gratifying to the Jewish gentlemen, who were formerly so acceptable to King Edward, to find that King George shares much of his father's cosmopolitan spirit in the matter of "visiting."

Prince Arthur and the "Guesser."

Poor Prince Arthur! He is always having to deny silly statements about himself and his future. We have done our little best to squash some of the absurd hopes held out for him by the less responsible quidnuncs, but they seem to take a delight in pursuing His Royal Highness. A few months ago they were all determined he should be made "Duke of Kent." Heaven only knows why! We showed beyond doubt that this was a *canard*, and so it has proved. Then the scribblers decided to make him the successor of his father in Canada. The *Liverpool Post* was responsible for this quite unfounded prophecy, and we flatly contradicted it. In our issue of September 20, we said: "Prince Arthur will *not* succeed his father in Canada!" But some people learn nothing! Hence last Wednesday the *Telegraph* was authorised to publish a definite denial of the Canadian billet for Prince Arthur, which, it stated, had "no foundation," and added "Such a matter has never been under discussion!" We hope Prince Arthur will now be left alone by the "guessers" for a time. As a married man, he now has other things to do than deny absurd statements about him in the Press.

* * *

Soldier-Barrister-Peer.

Though Lord Erskine, whose death has just occurred at the age of seventy-two, had for great-grandfather Lord Chancellor Erskine—the most brilliant man of a brilliant age, and "undoubtedly the first of British advocates," he himself possessed no exceptional ability. After serving in the "Black Horse" and the "Queen's Royal Lancers," he studied law, and, being called to the Bar, practised occasionally as Mr. W. M. Erskine until he succeeded his father in the peerage. Lord Erskine was a good sportsman in his younger years, and an honourable gentleman, who once paid, on behalf of a member of his family, a considerable sum, though he need not have done so. The new peer has shown no aptitude for public life, but his brother, Mr. Stuart Erskine, of "Whirlwind" and "The Senate" fame, seems to possess considerable ability—of a neurotic kind.

A Romance.

The rise to fortune of "Tom" Erskine is a romance of the peerage. Third and youngest son of the tenth Earl of Buchan, a Scots peer with the bluest of blood (that of the royal line of Scotland) but scanty means, he had to shift for himself. The eldest became Lord Buchan; the second rose to eminence at the Scottish Bar; but "Tom," having no money to purchase the Army commission he wanted, became a midshipman. Four years' naval service convinced him that he had no genius for the sea, and then he secured an ensigncy in the Royal Scots. Before he was five-and-twenty he married, and, though his household was as straitened as that of the old days at home, he and his wife were happy with their children. One day, by accident, he entered an Assize Court. Deeply interested in the pleading of the rival counsel, Erskine listened and lingered. He had tried sailoring and soldiering; but felt that a barrister's career was more suited to his temperament.

His First Brief. * * *

The young officer was without influence at the Bar, and he did not know where the money was to come from for the fees. However, he had made up his mind, so he scraped and earned the needful, and in 1778 was called to the Bar. But instead of briefs, he had a blank session, met with an injury, and had sickness among his adored children. Luck, however, was turning. A case of some oppression by the Admiralty came his way. Erskine won, and his fortune was made; his eloquence made an unprecedented impression, and briefs and fees flowed in. Someone asked him afterwards how he could muster up courage to speak in such an impassioned way, and to show such boldness before the judges, and his answer was: "I felt my little children's fingers plucking at my gown, and I heard them crying 'Father! you are fighting for our bread!'" Rather more than twenty years later he was Lord High Chancellor and Baron Erskine. The motto of the Erskines is "Judge nought," but the Lord Chancellor felt this was an inappropriate one for the principal judge of the State, so he substituted "Trial by Jury."

Registry Office Lady: "And why did you leave your last place?"
Applicant: "They had only been married five months, and I couldn't stand the love-making."
R.O.L.: "Well, here are some people who have been married five years."
A.: "Oh, that's too long; I like peace and quietness!"

MORE OR LESS.

he Pretending Game.

To most of us, I suppose, Life is more or less a masquer-de. We go through life in a fancy dress of our own or a iend's designing. Very few of us have the courage to ppear as we are. Even Folly doffs a bell occasionally and visits a bit of black round a gay sleeve, while Wisdom, on he other hand, does not disdain at times to borrow Folly's owder-puff. Perhaps this habit of concealing our real elves with the over-dress of illusion in some fashion explains he craze among us now for fancy-dress balls. It is so nice o be able, really and openly, to pretend to be somebody lse instead of our own selves. It is enchanting with a few ards of spangled gauze and a splash of sequins to find neself transformed into an Arabian Nights princess, while tiresome, everyday, commonplace husband gets turned nagically, by a sword and a red beard, into a darling Sultan. laying fairy tales is such a delightful pastime in this grey ld world of ours that one wonders rather why it is neces-ary to drag the cold bones of Charity into it. Society balls re so expensive to promote that, at the best of times, most f the profits are swallowed up in expenses. But, of course, rabian Nights' houris and Caliphs can't be expected to hink of a little thing like that.

* * *

ne Up.

New commandments for married people have lately eached us from that great land of the unmaking of mar-iages—America. They are twenty-two in number, and hat a variety of do's and don'ts. They seem to me, owever, entirely superfluous as a digestive to the matri-nonial dinner. Rules, as we all know, like promises and anks, are only meant to be broken. One commandment, owever, to prove the exception, we should all keep; and he unmarried will find it as useful as the most experienced upil of Hymen. It is modern, not Mosaic law, and written n Persian, it runs thus:—

"Thou shalt not be found out."

* * *

' Carried Unanimously."

Wars and rumours of wars are thick in our ears. I am ot referring to the German invasion, but to the feminine ne. The Suffragette hive is busy indeed. True, the ueen-bee elects to stay in Paris still. I wonder she oesn't try Berlin for a change—Berlin is on the Spree—but he sends plenty of honey across the Channel in the way f bellicose bluff. I feel so sorry for the suffragettes. heir abortive attempts at crime are too pathetic to be amus-ng. Silly women, not to know that man was never cap-ured by woman at the sword's point! Let us take him aptive if we will, but by roses, not rights. We could all et the vote to-morrow if every woman combined—no black-egs please—and made our lips the price of the vote. If we efused to love till we got our own way—well—the world ould come to a standstill, wouldn't it? Man would be before s on his knees, and the laurels of victory would be ours ithout a blow being struck on either side. Think of this, irls. But it's no use all the plain women combining unless ll the pretty ones join in as well.

* * *

he Antidote to Man.

The only danger of such a proceeding that I can see would e that woman would get so used to doing without a man hat she would find him an intolerable nuisance when she ook up with him again. Just think of it. No trouble, no ears, no tiffs. No jealousy, no—no presents. No wonder-ng what "he" was doing when business kept him late at he office (just as if every woman didn't know that when a nan starts spelling business with a big "B" it doesn't al-ways mean another girl), no sleepless nights, no moral indi-gestion. But, perhaps, by the time I am speaking of, woman will have become so wise that she will have dis-covered the love charm that will dispose of a broken heart far more comfortably than suicide. Because I am so very wise myself I discovered it long ago, and herewith present t to you as a New Year's gift. The best antidote to one man, girls, is another man!

Louise Heilgers.

An American heiress will pay more attention to a for-eigner who talks through his coronet than to a native who talks through his hat.

A MOULTING TALE.
"It's an ill wind ——!"

MODERN LIFE IN PARIS.

The boulevards are beginning to assume their annual Christmassy aspect, donning, as it were, their festive garb. The *baraques* are opening their shutters, and *camelots* are offering their wares, consisting of all sorts of articles, useful, but more often useless. The Parisian *baraques de Noel* are an old institution, and it may perhaps interest you to learn—I only found it out yesterday—that they date as far back as the 17th century. Real bargains, however, you may pick up on the Boulevard de Sebastopol, which becomes, during the Christmas season, a kind of Caledonian Market.

* * *

Le Marche aux Puces.

Much more interesting, however, than this temporary annual market is the weekly *foire*, near the Porte d' Italie, which I visited this morning, known by the name of *la foire aux puces*. Here all sorts of rubbish and debris are offered for sale—and not only the goods sold, but vendors and buyers themselves strike one as being debris of humanity, and yet the whole produces an impression of picturesqueness, and the particular Gallic or Parisian atmosphere makes one forget the poverty and the misery.

* * *

Christmas Quarrels.

To-day I had my first Christmas quarrel! No doubt, by the time you will be reading these lines, I shall have indulged in a few more such quarrels. You see, if you want to have your way in Paris you must often *pretend* to lose your temper, and then the Frenchman is impressed and lets you have your own way. Only people who have a superficial knowledge of Paris and of the French character imagine that they will obtain anything with politeness. My first quarrel to-day was with the postman, the third, who called for his *étrennes*. "I have already given five francs," I exclaimed, "to one of your colleagues, and three francs to another!" "Quite right, Monsieur," he replied, unabashed. "They were the ordinary letters, and the registered letters' postman. I deliver the prospectuses and printed matter." "Is there," I asked, "is there also a postman for letters which were supposed to have been sent but never reached their destination?" "No, Monsieur," he replied, quite seriously, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, "That is some consolation," I said. We both smiled and he wished me a *bonne et heureuse année*.

* * *

Pierrette Fleury's Belongings.

If I was somewhat short-tempered with my postman it was due to the fact of my having been in a hurry to pay a rather interesting visit. "*Cherchez la femme*," you are muttering. "Yes, and No," the reply. There was no woman, properly speaking, and yet there *was* (*once* at least) a woman behind it. I am speaking in riddles. Well—I shall explain. I hurried to the *Hotel des Ventes* in the Rue Drouot, where they sell everything by auction—under the supervision of the Government. Pierrette Fleury's—of cocaine memory—possessions are being exhibited, and will be sold on Monday, the 22nd, to fashionable and anxious buyers. Poor Pierrette Fleury, who was supposed to have been the *bonne Amie* of a well-known financier—whose ancestors once made bricks without straw on the banks of the Nile—died a little while ago, and now her jewels and her furs, her lace and some of her *dessous* are being sold by public auction. I shall make it a point to be present at the sale, and if I can pick up a bargain I know what I am going to do with it.

* * *

Cinema Advertisements.

I received a very interesting prospectus from an enterprising film-business. To be quite exact, I must add that the prospectus was not delivered to me directly, but was shown to me by a friend, who got married the other day. The film-business, by enquiring at the *mairie*, found out that he was about to enter the matrimonial state, and they offered to *film* him and his wife—and his mother-in-law, and his friends, during the happy day of his life. They are ready to reproduce the various phases of the ceremony, at the *mairie*, in Church, during the *diner de noce*, etc. I wonder where and when they draw the line. Eloquently and persuasively the prospectus adds: "You will thus be able to recall the happy moments of your life and live them over again—simply by turning the handle of the cinema apparatus!"

* * *

Marriages Annulled.

Talking of marriages, I must tell you of an agency which has been established in Paris—at the Madeleine. If the civil divorce is expensive and troublesome, the dissolution of the religious union is almost impossible in this country. But all sorts of pretexts can be invoked to declare a marriage as nil. A door of escape is found by the clever *homme d'affaires*, who only charges you 1,000 francs for the job. "From this bourne no traveller returns" can no longer be applied to religious marriage in France. Prudent and wise women, however, arrange matters beforehand: they take steps so that when the time arrives a little incident created *a priori* may be invoked as a *cas d'annulation*. Thus a few days ago a fair Parisienne arranged with her mother that just a moment before the nuptial benediction by the officiating clergyman, the apparently authoritative parent should box her—the bride's—ears. On a future occasion, *si le cœur lui en dit*, the unhappy young woman will thus be able to pretend that her mother had forced her to marry—and thus furnish a sufficient reason to annul the union! What do you think of that—my English lady friends?

* * *

Y en a Plusieurs a Caderousse.

There are certain expressions in human language which, by sheer luck, become famous. Etymologists and philologists are at a loss to explain their origin and meaning. I remember some such phrases which became the craze of London. "Have you seen Kelly?" was one. "Bill Baily has come back" was another. The Boulevard, too, indulges from time to time in such phrases, which, *du jour au lendemain*, become popular and famous. They are, of course, untranslatable. "*Merci pour la langouste!*" is a recent favourite, but the phrase *à la mode*, and which you must know and make use of, if you wish to be up-to-date, is. "*Y en a plusieurs à Caderousse.*" What it exactly means I cannot tell you, but I heard it used a few evenings ago in a night restaurant—oh no—I only peeped in! Boulevardiers, variety artistes and mercantile *belles* have adopted this newly-coined phrase. I have attentively listened to conversations during which the above words were suddenly uttered, and the impression I received was that they gave expression to feelings which are usually conveyed in English by the classic words of: Keep your hair on!

* * *

Tango Teas.

No, no—it is not about the dance but about the Tango teas, my dears, in Paris, even if the Tango itself should triumph in its struggle for existence. You will have Tango wines, Tango fruits, Tango *goûters*, but no teas, because tea will soon be tabooed in fashionable and modern Paris. André de Fouquières, the Apostle of Fashion, the Beau Brummel, of the Gay City, has thus decreed, and what André de Fouquières says soon becomes law *dans le monde de l'elegance*. The tea-palaces and tea-rooms are, therefore, doomed to disappear here, and fair Parisiennes who will be perverse enough to indulge in a cup of tea on the sly will no doubt cross the Channel for the purpose. Rejoice, my young and gay friends.

* * *

Le Roi S'Amuse.

In one of the quiet little streets of a fashionable quarter—it is, by the way, the quarter in which I have pitched my own tent, and hence my privilege of noticing the fact—lives a charming and elegant young lady. Her name? I do not know it—perhaps I do, but I am certainly not going to tell you. From time to time the charming belle receives a mysterious visitor, who is evidently not *de la petite bière*, as they say here. For during every visit of the distinguished *Ami* the street is watched by two policemen. It seems, from what I have been able to learn, that the lover is none other than he who is *le roi* for the loyal royalists of France. The Republic watches over him and his love-affairs.

Angelo S. Rappoport.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

That the green-eyed monster which is usually supposed to be much in evidence on the stage is to be found also in the Church, and that its presence accounts for the sudden slump in the Bishop's campaign for purifying the drama.

* * *

That, as the Bishop of Kensington discovered the need for the campaign he was inclined to think that whatever kudos attached to it should be his alone. The Bishop of London, however, with characteristic impetuosity, made it his own, but apparently with no more intention of carrying it to a conclusion than in the case of his equally impetuous challenge to the athletic colonel.

* * *

That, as the Bishop of Kensington is not inclined to carry on a crusade which will be known as "the Bishop of London's," the matter is likely to rest where it is for the present.

* *

That a new terror has been added to life by the production of a country house visitors' book as evidence in the Divorce Court, and that one or two famous volumes of this sort would make considerably more interesting reading than did that which figured in the Vereker case.

* *

Why does the famous R.A. prefer only young girl models? Is he not really a nice old gentleman and have his numerous models been transferred to canvas?

* *

Does the rising young barrister know that his wife is at present in England, and staying not two miles from his residence? And is there not a possibility of the prearranged letters from St. Moritz being sent in their wrong order?

* *

Our dear old ha'-penny papers get gushier and gushier every day. We don't mind them telling us of the man who makes the financial deal of the moment, that "his hair, beginning to turn grey, has that touch of colour associated with the strong silent man of romantic novels." We can accept with a pinch of snuff the assertion that "every hair is in place; not one ever strayed over the parting to interfere with the thoroughly well-groomed appearance that was so characteristic of the man"; but when we read that "clear and kindly eyes appeared under rather shaggy eyebrows, *but they never twinkled.* He had no time *for that*" then—then, dear, ha'penny paper, you will—you will give us time to swallow—or—we—must—cry—Help!

* * *

The last time the Covent Garden property changed hands Somerset lost his head. The only people who seem to have kept theirs this time are the buyer and the vendor.

Is it true that we are likely to have another sensational Turf case in the near future?

* * *

Who is the pretty young debûtante, recently returned from a convent in Brussels, who has fallen so violently in love with Mr. Maurice Farkoa? Is it a fact that she always keeps a posy of fresh flowers before his photo in her bedroom? And what will "mamma" have to say about it when she finds out?

* * *

What is the true story attaching to the four mysterious and extraordinarily clever pictures which the young Danish artist is exhibiting at the Leicester Galleries? And does not the lady in the "altogether" bear a striking resemblance to a certain English Marchioness?

* *

That Lady Scott, widow of the famous Arctic explorer, has been offered a set of apartments at Hampton Court Palace, and that a certain other titled resident has exhibited considerable spite over the matter.

* *

That a certain lady, of Hamilton Terrace, is on particularly good terms with her groom, and that the latter is really of much higher social standing than one might suppose.

* *

That diamonds to the value of £2,400 were stolen from a Torquay hotel on Monday last, and that a certain guest of high standing is under suspicion.

* *

The West End chemist who recommends a certain opium den to his customers ought to be a little more careful, or he will strike trouble.

* *

Will the editor of the *Era* forgive us for suggesting that he would do well to restrain the ardour for redundant and incomprehensible phrases which is exhibited by his obviously youthful interviewers? In a conversation with the theatrical accoucheur who brought the Vicar of Brixton's baby drama into being the *Era* man is convoyed into a *private* sanctum, and then to a Valhalla *studded* away into a corner where *goddesses in pretty dresses* dispense nectar for *craven thirsts.* The italics are ours and have been duly registered and copyrighted. The *Era's* interview with Miss Jean Cavendish is of the same cut.

"There goes that wretched artist who painted me with a hook nose."
"But he said he'd paint you without it if you preferred."

* * *

We hear of a prominent lady who is making quite a good income out of a certain brand of cigars which she sells to her husband's friends.

Spicy stories should be told gingerly.

A SHY MAN.

A SERIO-COMIC EPISODE.

It was just like Carruthers to land me in the depths of a fix and then brutally to leave me, rejoicing in my discomfiture. The place was the Strand and the hour ten at night. We were standing on the kerbstone, waiting for a taxi to take us to Victoria Station, and my friend switched suddenly from the normal and accosted a girl who was at that moment passing behind us.

"I say," I heard him say, "I wish you'd take this chap off my hands for a bit. He's an awfully good sort; but you'll find him rather shy."

The next moment he was in a taxi, smiling gleefully through the window, and I was left looking into a pair of laughing brown eyes and feeling more flabbergasted than I had ever done in my life. Carruthers drove off with a wave of the arm. . . .

"Well, of all the cheek," said the girl, coolly. . . then, seeing my embarrassment, and evidently wishing to help me, she added: "I'm rather shy, too, so perhaps we shall get on well together."

"Will you—will you have a drink?" I stammered out, feeling that this was the correct thing to say.

"No, I won't have a drink," she said, changing in that moment to something wistful and pathetic. "But if you really want to spend some money on me—only a little—I could eat something—straight, I could."

"Eat something?" I echoed. "Do you mean to say that you're really hungry?"

"Well, there's nothing very strange in that, is there?"

"It's quite a month since you bought me a new frock. I haven't one fit to wear!"
"Well, that's the fashion, isn't it?"

"No, but that you're in need of food?"

"Well, I had one good meal yesterday. I must grumble."

I looked at this brown-haired, matter-of-fact girl with the funny brown eyes, and a funnier expression still about the mouth, and I suddenly felt myself in the presence of something new and strange, something that would be horrible if I dared to confront it.

"Oh, I say," I protested, "you can't be serious. But anyhow, come along and have something."

Even then she stopped me, laying her hand on my arm.

"Something cheap," she stipulated. "Please—I don't want anything else. Just a sandwich and coffee, or at the very most a grilled chop with tomatoes. I'm rather partial to grilled tomatoes," she assured me, with a little intimate squeeze of my arm.

I took her, therefore, to a quiet little restaurant close by, and she ate what she wanted, and meanwhile she talked.

Not rapid talk. Or flippant, or casual, or by any means tragic. But just dry-as-dust, dealing with a few of the facts of her life.

Hers was a common story. She had been hurtled into London to make her living while yet but a girl. She had no friends, and no money. She had succeeded for a time—indeed, until quite recently. She had been a waitress in a tea-shop, and some trouble with the manager resulted in her being discharged—without a character.

"He's done in many a poor girl like that," she confessed. "The swine ought to be shot."

Then she—drifted. She had tried many things, she said, but never had put her heart into it. Her little store of money dwindled. On the night I met her—indeed, on several of the nights previous to it—she had wandered about with the full intention of taking that final step which means a girl's utter irretrievable ruin. But she had not yet taken it. She had not yet taken it, though Heaven alone knew why. Something virginal still remaining in her nature, she supposed. . . .

I felt quite touched by this.

There still remained one chance for her, however—a hope to which she had clung through all the black hours of her trial. She had a brother living in America, and he had made her promise him, before he left England, that if ever she was in trouble, or wanted a friend, she was to go out to him and he would look after her. She had not applied to him for money, because, stupid though it was, she was intensely proud, particularly with the members of her own family. But if she should turn up in the place where he lived—he was married by the way—he would give her shelter while she got a berth, and he need never know of the hideous horrors she had escaped in England.

Well, what could a man do? It seemed to me it was one of those opportunities for a grand quixotic foolishness, which every man, if he is not altogether selfish and hard-hearted, must allow himself the privilege of sometimes. Besides, we stave off retribution by propitiatory deeds of this sort. I promised to find her sufficient money to enable her to go to America.

I saw her only twice after that. The first time was to give her the money to pay her passage and to leave a little to go on with when she reached the other side. The second time was in the station at Paddington.

I walked away from seeing her off that day feeling that I had been the means of saving a human soul. . . .

. . . . . .

By the way, I *did* see her again after this! It was the other night. She sat quite close to me in a quiet London restaurant, though, as we were back to back, she did not see me. She was telling a man, in convincing accents, of her brother in America, who would stand by her if only she could get out to him. He would 'save her from a worse fate,' she thought.

I looked at the man, and wondered if I were anything like him

He looked very shy—and very green!

A. S.

"Say, boy," queried a would be city angler of a country urchin, "are there any fish in this stream?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Will they bite?" was the next query.

"Dunno," replied the boy. "None of 'em ever bit me."

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

READY.

She: "Ah, Count, you don't know how my love for you distresses my parents. I heard my father say this morning that he would give £1,000 if I could never see you again."

The Count: "Ees your fazaire in his offees now, you sink?"

* * *

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"It must be great to be a man! One dress suit lasts you for years and years, and a woman must have a new gown for every party."

"That's why one dress suit lasts a man for years and years."

* * *

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the Quick and the Dead?" asked the teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie?"

"Please mum, the quick are the ones who get out of the way of motor 'buses; the ones that don't are the dead."

* * *

Cashly (at the club): "Is your wife entertaining this winter?"

Stockson: "Not very."

* * *

Wife: "Our new maid has sharp ears."

Hubby: "I notice that the doors are all scratched up around the keyholes."

* * *

An Englishman and an American made a bet as to who could tell the biggest lie. The Englishman proceeded to tell what he thought was a good thumping lie, and when he had finished, the American began his story:

"There once was a gentleman in New York——."

"That'll do," broke in the Englishman, "I'll pay up."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Little Willie: "Oh, ma! Is that Daniel?"
—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"Edwina, if you consent to marry me I shall take out a life assurance policy for £20,000. Then, if I die, you will never be in need."

"Yes, but if you don't die?"—*Le Rire.*

NOT A PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.

Chappie: Jess told me she wouldn't marry the handsomest man that ever lived.

May: Well, that doesn't affect your chances, does it?

* * *

Sunday-school teacher: Can you tell me who made you, Joseph?

Joe: God made part of me.

Sunday-school teacher: Why, what do you mean by that?

Joe: He made me real little, and I just growed the rest myself.—*Chicago News.*

* * *

UPSETTING DUCKS.

While visiting his uncle in the country, Wee Willie was much interested in watching the ducks "tipping up" in a pond.

"They're most all young ones, aren't they?" he observed to his uncle.

"Why, no, boy; they're old ones. What makes you think they are young?"

"I thought they were young," Willie explained, "because they don't seem to be able to swim without upsetting."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

* * *

WHAT IT MEANS.

Hip: What does it mean to say that a girl is as pretty as a picture?

Hop: Merely a frame of mind.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

* * *

BAH!

Judge: And you mean to say that you opened the pen and stole those sheep and didn't know a thing about it? Why, man, where were your wits?

Culprit: I don't know, your honour. They must have been wool gathering.—*Ohio Sun-Dial.*

* * *

WHAT HE DID.

Grace: I told him he must not see me any more.

Her brother: Well, what did he do?

Grace: Turned out the light!—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

* * *

ENVY.

"The truly modest girl doesn't stand any chance!"

"What's hurting now?"

"I was thinking about Jack Nicefello marrying Imogene."

"What's the matter with Imogene?"

"One night, when they hadn't been acquainted long, I heard him ask her if she would scream if he kissed her."

"Of course she said she would."

"Not she! She said she'd scream if he didn't!"—*Houston Post.*

INTERROGATIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

We have got the Tango teas. Now the hotel people want the Tango time.

* * *

The less people have to do, the more they seem to want to stop up at night doing it.

* * *

"It isn't so much 'What to give for Christmas,' that puzzles me," said Father, "it's how to make the little presents I've bought my friends for half-a-crown, look worth about ten and sixpence."

* * *

We hear there is a great rush of diamond prospectors to Killarney, South Africa, and it is expected that that place will prove a second Eldorado. Don't pack your bags yet though. Killarney reminds one so very much of Blarney.

* * *

"Time waits for no man," as he of the brass buttons and the sky-blue facings quietly remarked at 12.35 precisely, when he gently but firmly assisted the nut to alight on his shiny Tango topper in the gutter.

* * *

"Do you keep your New Year resolutions?" we have been asked several times this week. We should say so. We have had ours ever since we can remember and they are just as bright and new as ever. We shall have a look at them on Thursday before popping them back again to keep nice and clean for 1915.

* * *

"Do women like bad men?" is a question asked in a daily paper. Sometimes, but then it's the other woman's husband.

* * *

Mrs. Moss-Cockle, a widow, once with a prospect of becoming Countess of Yarmouth, has joined the Poets' Club. Pity she didn't marry the Earl, for then she might have double-barrelled her bloatered aristocratic name into Yarmouth-Cockle. To justify her entry into the Club, she must endeavour to turn some rhymes on Moss-Cockle. There seems to have been more cackle than Cockle at the dinner, by the way.

"Do you doubt me when I say that Caruso has compared my voice to the mellow tones of a harp?"
"Not at all, old man, I always said you were a splendid lyre."

* * *

A story going the rounds about a great landlord and the sale of one of his estates has been dismissed as fiction, so improbable does it seem, but the landed proprietor in question is the Duke of Bedford, and the property the Cambridgeshire one of Thorney. The rent-roll was £20,000 a year, but of this large sum the landlord apparently got little or nothing. Investigation showed that the entire yield went in maintenance and other expenses, so the property was sold, the amount realized being £600,000. This brings in £18,000 a year from sound investments, and the Duke was relieved of the worry of a big estate, out of which he got nothing, not even a little shooting.

* * *

Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, a contemporary says, is one of the four best dressed men in the Commons, giving as the others Mr. Dudley-Ward. Colonel Seeley, and Mr. Rupert Gwynne. But what about those two young Liberal members—Mr. Agar-Robertes, and his fidus Achates, Mr. Neil Primrose, Lord Rosebery's younger son? They stand out alone in the perfection of their attire.

* * *

They are a beautiful and immaculate pair, and their presence during a debate lends an air of distinction to what would otherwise be a vulgar brawl—to quote the words of a supercilious cavalryman when speaking of mounted troops in a fight. Surrounded by Radicals in sombre attire, these exquisites look like two spruce parroquets among a crow of moody crows.

* * *

Their hats are the glossiest to be seen, their coats sit them without a wrinkle, their collars, cuffs, and neckties would pass the exacting scrutiny of a Beau Brummell—indeed, a glimpse at them during a long sitting is, said a distinguished member of the Opposition, positively refreshing.

* * *

An evening paper states that when M. Venizelos, the Greek Premier, left Canea, "the entire population was highly enthusiastic." Speeding the parting guest with a vengeance.

* * *

From Brussels we hear that while roller-skating the Duke of Orleans fell and broke his humerus. These humorous Dukes!

* * *

George Sumner, the man wanted for the Liverpool "Sack" murder, is said to have escaped disguised as a woman, with a painted face. The police acted upon upon this clue, but are now bewildered by results, as *three* such women have lately been seen in Piccadilly Circus.

* * *

In a train arriving at Walton-on-the-Naze from Colchester, a robin was found to be the only passenger in the carriage next to the engine. And even he was robbin' the Company. * * *

When is Jack Johnson going to spring that surprise on the boxing world? If we shall not open our eyes a bit when he does so? Did he really break his arm, and what's his game, anyway?

* * *

A contemporary recently stated that Princess Mary had made £250 from the sale of her Venetian glass bead necklaces and that with this sum she intended to purchase 100 pairs of boots for Christmas charity organisations. £2 10s. each isn't a bad price to pay for "charity boots.

* * *

How long Tango teas will continue at the Royal Automobile Club and if the atmosphere of the place is altogether sympathetic to such frivolities?

* * *

If Danny Maher is to ride as first jockey to Lord Rosebery next season?

* * *

How many persons at the present moment believe themselves to be in possession of the *real* Monna Lisa?

* * *

If the money spent on "corset parades" was considered a sinful waist by those who so sternly condemned them?

* * *

If Miss Baker, who recently appeared in her first play, owes her success to an aptitude for handling new rôles?

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

If ideals are sometimes more difficult to deal with than ordeals?

* * *

If Mr. G. K. Chesterton has just bought a new camera and if we are likely to run up against him at any odd time taking snapshots of the lion in Trafalgar Square?

* * *

If the crocodile which was recently shot by a big game hunter in South Africa and which was found to have swallowed five sovereigns, was fond of chewing the quid?

* * *

We read that Switzerland reaps an annual harvest of £12,000,000 from visitors. No wonder they call them paying guests?

* * *

If another lady has been asked to "resign" from a certain night club and if the little affair connected with the ruby garter had anything to do with it?

* * *

The name of the "gentleman" who made himself so conspicuous at the Soho restaurant and if he thinks shooting bread pellets at the waiters such a *very* amusing game?

* * *

How much Harry Lauder gave away in tips to the stage hands when he left the Tivoli?

* * *

A narcotic has been invented which will have the effect of sending a whole army to sleep when used in battle. A sort of sleeping powder, we presume?

* * *

If a certain female servant at Buckingham Palace has just written a decidedly clever novel and what name she will use if it is ever published?

* * *

If harmony has once more been restored among the London theatre orchestras?

* * *

The name of the long-winded chaplain who recently received a gentle hint that forty minutes was rather too long a period to occupy the pulpit when preaching before the King?

Who christened Mr. Herbert Finch, of the Palace, "Chaff Finch"?

* * *

If the "political Christmas cracker" is to be the rage this season?

* * *

The name of the journalist who has been offered £80 to let his flat near Charing Cross for a week to a gambling crowd?

* * *

If the son of the wealthy American banker, who went through a mock marriage ceremony with the lady old enough to be his mother while crossing the Atlantic on a White Star liner, now finds that he is unable to rid himself of her attentions?

* * *

If the girl who is to play a leading part in one of the Christmas revues was a barmaid in a drinking saloon near Leicester Square up to a few months ago? And who it was who discovered that she would "look a treat" in tights?

* * *

The identity of the actor-manager who has just had such trouble with the three principal ladies in his travelling company? If they eventually split up over a fierce quarrel as to who was to have the bath first? If the manager in question has just returned to London a sadder and a wiser man?

* * *

The name of the music-hall artist who has just cut off the beard of which he was so proud, and if the reason is that he had previously turned it green with some "colour restorer" which he procured from his barber?

SHARP AND FLAT.

Mr. Phlat: I must come and play my violin for you some evening, Miss Sharp. You like music, don't you?

Miss Sharp: I do, indeed, Mr. Phlat; but come all the same.

A CHRISTMAS ORDER.

Small Boy: "Please, mister, gimme threepennorth of 'undreds and thousands, and mother says please will you pick 'em all out red ones to match the icing on the Christmas cake!"

TABLOID TOPICS.

Will Ireland want an Ulster when Redmond reigns?

* * *

Mrs. Pankhurst has gone to Switzerland. She evidently feels quite confident of managing the skis.

* * *

Women shop assistants in Leeds have helped to keep the streets clean. They are what we call thorough fair ones.

* * *

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, in effect, pleaded guilty to having libelled Miss Couper, matron of a hospital at Alloa. He has paid £300 to recoup her.

* * *

The great "mystery" man-o'-war is named the Tiger. Fore-runner of a menagerie class, perhaps, until there isn't a monkey left in the Treasury. Beastly prospect.

* * *

"Is the Christmas dinner a wise meal?" asks a newspaper. Judging by some of the after speeches we have heard, we should answer decidedly not.

* * *

"Mother and Baby on the line—Saved by six yards"—newspaper euphuism. Reads like a wash-day incident. They might have "pegged out," it seems.

* * *

Suffragettes, who tried to blow up Holloway Prison, left various clues, including a portion of a hair-pad. If the attempt had succeeded there might have been a transformation.

* * *

A man at Highgate, taken into custody for drunkenness, declared that "he had a drink of rum, and then lost his legs." It is to be hoped that he will take steps for their recovery.

* * *

Summoned at the City Summons Court for reckless driving, a driver said: "I didn't want to do it." Despite his evident reluctance, he was fined 20/- and costs—but it was a mere song.

* * *

According to Dr. Josiah Oldfield, the Army should be fed on corn. The Army have taken it as chaff, otherwise there is little doubt that it would go very much against the grain.

* * *

Mr. T. P. O'Connor is reported to have made his shortest speech on record at the Sphinx Club the other evening. Evidently T. P. emulated the Sphinx—and the parrot—said little but thought a lot.

* * *

While assisting to quell a fire at the Sheppey Glue Works some Sheerness bluejackets had the gumption to sever a portion of the works containing 2,000 gallons of benzine. This, however, was only possible by sticking closely to the work.

* * *

Dick Whittington's cat at the Coronet Theatre is Miss Pauline Prim, wife of the dog in Peter Pan (Mr. Sillward). It must, of course, not be imputed that Mr. and Mrs. Sillward lead a "cat and dog" life at home in consequence.

* * *

The Society of fonetic spellers has drawn a cheque for sixteen shillings and "six pens." It acts up to its principles—on that you may depend. For a moment or two the bank clerks were spellbound, but they paid out to his nibs who presented the cheque. And everything was tranquill.

* * *

According to the *Daily Mirror*, the latest Society craze is "the kipper and beer supper, which is served naturally at one of the most fashionable restaurants in the West End." It can be done, of course, with the present fashion in gowns. No fear of drawing a red herring across the trail.

* * *

Whilst "Lohengrin" was being played at the Royal Opera House, Budapesth, a naked man rushed into the theatre, and, bounding over the partition dividing the audience from the orchestra, proceeded to conduct the musicians. Although, no doubt, it should be taken merely as a matter of form, we cannot say that we thoroughly agree with this method of introducing new-ditties.

The Emperor Menelik, of Abysinnia, died again week.

* * *

Radium as a beverage is to be had at a guinea the pint. Sounds more like a gold-than a pitch-blende.

* * *

A German locomotive workman has become an singer. But it is only rumoured that he will trav cog.

* * *

The wearing of numbers by American footballers playing has come into vogue; the system of calli roll after the match having fallen into disuse.

* * *

The military gentlemen seem to have been at sea making an exhibition of themselves at Earl's Court. glory obtained was decidedly of the sic transit variety.

* * *

"How my Husband got married"—*Mirror* ar "Hooked," she meant. How some women do gloat the woes of their catches.

* * *

The New Year supper at the Lotus Club, says *Evening News*, is to be "a la grande carc." But course! The Lotus-eater's motto is, "begone dull Why, then, not eat it?

* * *

A German has patented a clock which calls out the h We fancy it will run the risk of a broken face the time it shouts out twelve o'clock midnight into the head of a man returning cat-like from his club.

* * *

Two anarchists have been arrested on board a P Nancy express, armed with razors. Had they been saf razors they would probably have got off with noth more dangerous than a close shave.

* * *

Workmen, while excavating in connection with sewers at Whitstable, discovered the skeleton of a m moth, some 12ft. beneath the surface: says the G A relic of the Drain-Age, no doubt.

* * *

Mrs. Pankhurst, when in Holloway Gaol, was seren by a cornet. Sisters of the cause doubtless employ method of cheering her up in view of the fact that was solo in spirit.

* * *

When the Suffragettes demonstrated at Covent Gar Theatre in presence of the King, Mr. Raymond Roze the occasion by bursting into tears when summoned the Royal Box. The theatre was already in tiers.

* * *

A club, the members and staff of which are pledged maintain absolute silence, has been established at Mosc Yet to us the idea lacks originality. Most clubs can be dumb-waiters, and few there are to whom speechless m bers have not become a common occurrence.

* * *

Face Value.—The French Senate Commission have forward a plan whereby the fixing of the income tax depend upon "exterior signs of fortune." What a of poverty-struck looking wretches there will be a during assessment time.

* * *

One of the diners at the Poets' Club Christmas B quet was Mr. Harry Kemp, who had just been do "time" at Winchester Gaol, his crime that of being stowaway. His appetite showed that he had little learn of the stowaway business.

* * *

His Royalty of Richmond is partial to the enter ment given by "movies." He is married now, and little Piccadilly peccadilloes will not be screened by "I been to the pickshers, dear." He musn't become sinny pa.

* * *

In a lecture to Post Office officials, Mr. Mayer a telephone expert, produced a series of curves deal with the complaints as an index of the subscribers' po of view. But why curves? Most people we hear co plaining of the telephones go straight to the point, their language is more direct than round-about.

THE PROBLEM.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Wisdom comes with years—if folly leaves room for it.

* * *

The girl question: "Is he married?"

* * *

A man with nothing to lose can afford to take chances.

* * *

There are fools and hopeless fools; the latter tell all they know.

* * *

Nearly all wise men are married. That is how they got their wisdom.

* * *

Education enables a young man to show how clever he isn't.

* * *

Truth is said to be stranger than fiction, and many people seem never to care for an introduction.

Marriage is the connecting link between fiction and fact.

* * *

Girls with the most cheek do the least blushing.

* * *

Poets are born, and no law can prevent it.

* * *

It takes a woman to learn things from a man that he doesn't know.

* * *

A woman loves secrets because of the fun she has in letting them escape.

* * *

Did you ever meet a self-made man who was ashamed of his job?

* * *

Folks who are always looking for the worst of it usually find it.

IN STAGELAND.

When the new Drury Lane pantomime is over and done with, we are informed Mr. Arthur Collins is favourably considering a pageant play of modern interest to be staged and produced after the manner of "The Miracle." Handled in the Collins manner, this production promises a recrudescence of the enormous interest displayed by the public in Reinhardt's gigantic success at Olympia. It would, however, necessitate the abandonment of the reproduction of "Sealed Orders," which was Mr Collins's original intention.

* * *

A further visit to St. James's Theatre, has again proved immensely beneficial to me. "The Death of Tintagiles" and "The Silver Box," could not fail to leave you without out some similar impression. The latter play, by John Galsworthy, is to a great extent another exposition of the alleged shortcomings of the Society male adolescent of our times. He has been familiarised to us by "The Eldest Son," "The Son and Heir," and a round half-dozen other plays, all well within range of the memory of the contemporary playgoer, and I am inclined to the belief that the majority of his fellow undergrads and associates immediately classify him as an intolerable little outsider. In spite of the oft-rubbed-in dramatic lesson and an occasional burst of press correspondence, I refuse to believe in his existence as a type, and cannot believe that he is either dangerous enough or frequent enough to be treated with such wholesale dramatic earnestness. The play is notable chiefly for the splendid characterization of Mr. Donald Calthorp as the "nut," Miss Sydney Fairbrother as An Unknown Lady (of the morally submerged class—friend of the "nut") and Miss Irene Rooke, as Mrs. Jones, the splendid type of charwoman, too often in real life a "house-band" to her prolific family and sole bread-winner for them and the husband," who is husband by marriage only.

* *

THE ALTERNATIVE.

First Actor: "Yes, that's Millie. She says she's playing the title rôle in 'Beauty and the Beast' up North this pantomime season."

Second Actor: "Oh, yes? And who's playing 'Beauty'?"

A tense incident is the bitter, plaintive sobbing of Mrs. Jones's child in the street below the dining-room of Borthwick, M.P. (the youth's father) and the temporary wringing of the shallow social soul of Mrs. Borthwick, who with the other two members of her precious family have succeeded in rendering the child motherless by the arrest of Mrs. Jones for the theft of the Silver Box, which had been given to the worthless male Jones as a token of the drunken gratitude of the youth for assisting him to concentrate upon the keyhole and thus attain a spirituous coma on the dining-room sofa.

* * *

"A child's sob in the darkness strikes deeper than a strong man's curse!" This is also the vivid impression conveyed by "The Death of Tintagiles." What can one say that is sufficiently superlative as commendation of this item of Mr. Barker and Miss McCarthy's magnificent repertoire. This mediæval mystery-play deals with the endeavour of two friendless sisters, who strive fruitlessly to preserve to themselves the loved presence of a ch brother, who has been captured by a mysterious queen be eventually murdered on account of his too close re tionship to her own power. It is a romantic epic desperate love and sorrow which enthrals—an artistic c ception of the very purest beauty. This gem of Mae linck, in Granville Barker's setting, reminds one irresis bly of Doré's illustrations of Dante's despair, with following important variant.

* * *

Whereas both Doré as a painter and Dante as a litte teur, used to cultivate and were masters of the grueso effect, Maeterlinck and Granville Barker have attained climax of spiritual beauty on almost identically oppos lines of approach. The lighting and scenery are mast pieces of majestic simplicity, with not a trace of formal Futurism th grade the trees and ot other properties subsi of Twelfth Night."

* *

We are deeply grat for the art of M Lillah McCarthy "Ygraine," the princi sister, and of her l profound. Odette C beauty, who portray "Ygraine" with fragile delicacy was enormously plea The St. James's wa crowded with an appre ciative audience, who r ceived Tintag with an intensity enthusiasm which rather foreign to th staid but restrained sat faction usual to George Alexander's aud ences.

* *

Sir George comes ba to his theatre on Januar 1st with "The Arm still another adaptati from the French. M Barker's repertoire goe to the Savoy on the same date and opens with new version of "Th Midsummer Night Dream."

* *

Have you ever seen an heard Miss Phyllis Nie son-Terry sing ragtim numbers? No! I sup pose you never will u less you become ver charitably inclined an become a worker and sub scriber to the Children's Happy Evenings Association—on of the most desirable charities ever skilfully devised b benevolent brains. Personal service, in addition to soci influence and wealth, go to make thousands of the poores children in London happy for one evening in every we of the year, and entirely reclaim many of them from th otherwise inevitable consequence of terrible environment.

* * *

All our hearts were touched, and our gratitude is per manently assured to those workers and distinguish artistes who came at inconvenience and personal sacrifice themselves to entertain those hordes of astonished childre for whom the recent evenings at the People's Palace an elsewhere are imperishable memories. Miss Nielson-Terr Mr. Alfred de Manby ("Lord Amersham," of the "Girl fro Utah" at the Adelphi Theatre), little Miss Ma jorie Coulson, and many other distinguished actors and a tresses willingly gave valuable personal service.

W. R. C. R.

MARIE WALEWSKA.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 34.

NAPOLEON AND MARIE WALEWSKA.

Polish Beauty's Struggle for her Honour with the War-Lord of 1810.

Very romantic were the auspices under which Napoleon the Great first met Marie Walewska. In 1807, on his way from Pulstuck to Warsaw, Napoleon stopped to change horses at the little town of Bronia. All the town had turned out to meet the avenger of Poland, and amongst the hustling, noisy crowd the Emperor's major-domo, Duroc, noticed a couple of well-dressed and beautiful girls struggling to get near to the Imperial carriage. When Duroc brought them forward, Napoleon saw one pair of soft and luminous blue eyes, set in a face as fair as a lily, with a pure blush rose complexion heightened by the excitement of the moment. As soon as the fortunate possessor got within speaking distance, she offered the Emperor a bouquet, and said, "Welcome, welcome, sire, to our native land! Nothing we can say or do can adequately express our attachment to your person, or express our delight at seeing you tread the soil of that country which looks to you for deliverance!" So enthralled was Napoleon at the grace and modesty of the speaker, that for a few seconds he could scarcely reply. Then he handed back the bouquet to the donor, saying, "Take it as an earnest of my goodwill. We shall meet again in Warsaw, when you shall thank me again with your beautiful lips."

Thus began one of the strangest love-affairs in history. Marie Walewska was then eighteen, and as virtuous in thought and deed as she looked. Born of a noble but impoverished family, she had been taken from the school room and married to the richest nobleman in her part of Poland—a good and kind man, but over seventy years old, whose eldest daughter was nine years older than Marie Walewska herself. Marie's aged husband was related to the Colonnas of Rome, and therefore as noble in lineage as any family of kingdom or republic in Europe.

Marie Walewska goes to Warsaw.

Marie Walewska's two predominating passions were her love of God and her love of her country. The troubles of oppressed Poland were to her a burning grief and shame, and she regarded Napoleon as the one man on earth who could restore to Poland its definite nationality. This passion precluded all ideas of love. To her elderly husband she was attached in a merely platonic and simple way. He was a Polish gentleman, accustomed, like his young wife, to a dull and uninteresting sphere upon their country estate, and Marie's life as the chatelaine of the district was all she desired. The homage of Napoleon must surely have been a source of gratification to her innocent young mind. But little did she think of the anguish, dishonour, and tears it was to cause. Marie's husband hastened her to Warsaw for the festivities in Napoleon's honour. He had been Chamberlain to the late King of Poland, and he desired Warsaw to see the beauty and virtue of his charming young wife.

Not the sort of Reception Napoleon Expected.

When Marie Walewska got to the Imperial ball, she trembled lest the Emperor should notice her, while the whole crowd of courtiers were aware that she was about the only person he *would* notice! At last Napoleon espied her, and, walking up to her, while a thousand eyes blazed upon the spectacle which might mean so much, he said loudly to the pale and trembling girl. "White upon white is a mistake, Madame," and then, whispering to her, he said, "This is not the sort of reception I expected after ——!" and then passed on. All Warsaw that night talked of nothing but what the Emperor had said, or had *not* said, to Marie Walewska. She was obviously marked out for much favour from the War-lord! Full of vague and nebulous fears, Marie Walewska returned to her hotel, and threw herself upon her bed. Almost immediately after her servant entered the room, and placed this note in her hand, "I saw but you; I came but for you; answer at once, and calm the impatient ardour of—'N.'"

Polish Beauty Scorns the Advances of the Great Napoleon.

Reading with indignation at the love-missive from the Emperor Anastase Colonna Walewska's innocent wife thrust the missive back upon Prince Poniatowski, who had brought it, though he forced himself to her very chamber door. "Say there is no answer!" she cried, almost hysterically. "I desire nothing of the Emperor!" Prince Poniatowski was not prepared for such indignation in his countrywoman. Eagerly he endeavoured to persuade her, to cajole her, to threaten her into answering as the Emperor desired. But she refused absolutely. Bolting her door, she sought her unpeaceful couch, but before she awoke the next morning there came another Imperial note.

This she immediately returned unopened. But all that day she was besieged by distinguished courtiers, members of the Government and Royal princes, who saw "everything" for Poland in the Emperor's new infatuation, and cared nothing for the honour of a mere girl of eighteen. Her venerable husband, worthy fellow that he was, had no suspicion as to the meaning of all this adulation, and put it down to his own high position in the country! Poor old fellow! It was a bitter blow to him when he learned the truth! That night Napoleon caused Marie Walewska to be handed over to Prince Poniatowski's mistress, Madame de Vauban, a Frenchwoman, whose chief duty it was to break down the iron wall of Marie's virtue. She tried hard to fulfil her mission, but never succeeded! Napoleon had to take other steps with that object, and they do him no credit.

"No Polish Woman can do enough for Napoleon."

It was not long before another note arrived from Napoleon. "Have I displeased you, Madame? I had hoped otherwise. Was it all a delusion on my part? Your ardour has cooled, while mine burns more and more fiercely. You have destroyed my peace. Oh, give some little joy and happiness to the poor heart that longs to worship you. Is it so difficult to get an answer from you? You owe me two.—'N.'"

That very evening Marie Walewska was compelled by her husband to attend the Imperial dinner party. Napoleon had no eyes for any one but her. When the terrible ordeal of the dinner was over, Napoleon grasped Marie's hand, and, fixing upon her that keen and intellectual gaze, the mysterious power of which no human eye could withstand, he whispered. "No, no: with those soft sweet eyes, that gentle expression, you cannot be inflexible; you cannot delight in torturing me, unless you are the most heartless of coquettes, the cruellest of women!" At every turn she was reminded of her duty to Poland. One courtier after another pestered her with the sacrifice which she ought to make for her beloved country. All Warsaw knew of Napoleon's infatuation, and the benefits which Poland might derive from it, if only Marie Walewska were not so impregnable. When Duroc, the Emperor's emissary, took her hand, and told her that "No Polish woman can do enough for Napoleon!" she snatched away her hand and burst into a flood of tears.

"All Splendour Becomes Oppressive."

These perpetual reminders of her "duty" to her beloved Poland eventually had their expected effect. Another note from Napoleon was thrust into her unwilling hands.

"There are times when all splendour becomes oppressive" it ran, "as I feel but too deeply at the present moment. How can I satisfy the desires of a heart that yearns to cast itself at your feet, when its impulses are checked at every point by considerations of the highest moment? Oh, if you would . . . you alone might overcome the obstacles that keep us apart. My friend Duroc will make all easy for you. Oh, come, come, your every wish shall be gratified. Your country will be dearer to me when you take pity on my poor heart.—'N.'"

The Emperor Makes a "False Start!"

That very night a carriage arrived at her hotel at half-past ten A tall man entered her apartment, and shrouded her in a black cloak. Marie, already numb with weeping, scarce realised that she was being taken to her doom! A short drive brought the coach to Napoleon's palace, and the couple entered by the secret door. Not a word was uttered. Presently Marie Walewska, blinded with tears, was placed in an armchair, and then she realised that she was alone with Napoleon. The Emperor approached, and endeavoured to talk prettily to her. She listened, scarce comprehending what he said, until the words "Your old husband" burst upon her startled ears! Then all the fire of outraged innocence burst from her! Rising hastily she rushed to the door, only to find it locked. Napoleon marvelled at this unusual experience. "Was Marie Walewska a coquette of marvellous histrionic powers?" he asked himself. "Or was she merely a simpleton of phenomenal ignorance?" "Was it all a piece of acting, meant to increase his ardour!" Never on the battlefield was the European tyrant more perplexed. As Napoleon uttered those words, "Your old husband," the horror of the fault she had come to commit rose up before Marie Walewska in all its hideousness. But with gentle violence Napoleon led her back to her seat.

Passion Inspires Napoleon to Eloquence.

For two hours he talked persuasively to her. But he made no progress. At last, weary of his task, he said, "Well, my pretty, plaintive dove, go now! You must not fear the eagle: the only power he claims over you is that of passionate love, a love that will be satisfied with nothing short of your whole heart. You will love him in time, for in all things you shall command him—in *all* things! Do you hear!"

At nine the next morning another passionate note from Napoleon was placed in Marie's hand, and she was again commanded to return to his palace. At ten-thirty that night the same emissary wrapped her again in his big cloak, and conveyed her to the palace. This time she felt safer. Her tears were not so abundant. She had, in fact, become interested in Napoleon's passion. And Napoleon was quick to note the fact. "I had hardly hoped to see you again!" he exclaimed. "Have I really been deceived in you, Madame? Why, then, did you come to Bronia? Why have you tried to inspire me with a feeling which you cannot return! Why have you refused my flowers, my letters, and my diamonds?" His hand had scarcely left his heart all that evening, yet she made no sign. But she must understand him.

Napoleon's Dramatic Triumph over Virtue.

Napoleon's passion growing, Marie became exceedingly frightened. Almost bereft of her senses, she tried to protest that she could never love him, but he refused to listen. The thought of impossibilities only nerved him to renewed effort! Nothing could turn him aside from the quest in which he had once engaged. Difficulties only spurred him on to further effort. Anger, perhaps real, perhaps feigned, glowed in his words. "You shall—I repeat it—you *shall* love me. I have restored the name of your country. It owes its very existence to me. I will do more than this for it. But look at this watch in my hand. Just as I dash it to fragments before you, so will I shatter Poland and all your hopes, if you drive me to despair by rejecting my heart and refusing me yours!" Terrified by these threats and the violence of the gesture with which Napoleon threw the watch from him, the unhappy girl sank to the floor in a dead swoon, and when she recovered, the unequal conflict was over, and the victor was beside her, wiping away the tears that rolled slowly from her eyes.

* * *

Marie Walewska enjoyed the devotion of the Emperor for some years after this dramatic consummation of their passion. Her son by Napoleon, Count Leon Walewska, played a part in the affairs of France for sixty years after Napoleon's death. Unlike Marie Louise, Madame Walewska visited Napoleon during his imprisonment at Elba, but was only allowed to stay with him one day. She subsequently married a very distinguished officer, the Count D'Ornano, but did not long survive the Emperor, and died in Paris in 1817.

THE MAN WHO HAS MADE AMERICA
BRIDGE WORK FAMOUS IN LONDO

Gerrard 4642. Gerrard 4642.

THE PROGRESS O
DENTAL SURGER

DR. GOLDBERG (U.S.A.), the Dental aut whose **bridge work** has such a success in London, attends at his Sur 435, Strand, W.C. (next door to Gatti's Restaurant), 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., is regarded as one of the le experts on that important branch of Dentistry, Am **Crown Bar and Bridge Work.** The days of the fashioned dentistry, like old-fashioned surgery, over. It is the day of the **modern man,** the dawn a new **Era** for those who from innumerable ca sometimes **constitutional,** lose their **teeth** and pe what is known as an imperfect mouth. By Goldberg's Painless System of Dentistry, and his skilful manipulation of the mouth, he is able, he has so frequently proved, to scientifically transf the mouth from cavities of pain and unsightli to a thing of natural beauty. The extensive Pra he has built up in London, especially among Dram Operatic and Vaudeville professions, clearly proves masterful proficiency he has attained in this, one of most difficult branches of Dental surgery—Crown and Bridge Work. Hitherto Dr. G.'s extensive prac has been attending members of the theatrical profes to whom their appearance is so great a part of their li hood, but in view of the number of consultations he had from the **general public** he has decided to ex his practice to this branch. He is, moreover, prepared accept

MODERATE AND INCLUSIVE FE

consistent with that proficiency which has always cha terised his work, which will be within the reach of those desirous of possessing a perfect **mouth** which **essential** to **perfect health** and **physical beauty.** Con tation Daily between 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., at

435, STRAND, W.C.

MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

The boxing boom continues, and now it is the turn of the black men. We had a ludicrous fight in Paris on Friday night between Jack Johnson, the generally accepted champion, no matter what the International Boxing Union may say or decide, and Jim Johnson, a hulking negro with about as much boxing science as a tom cat. This was a ten rounds bout and went the ten rounds, the audience who had gone to see the show, and laugh over Jack Johnson's easy victory, being mystified that it should have gone the whole journey.

As is usual with a French crowd, and particularly a crowd which has yet to learn the first principles of the game, no matter how cleverly and quickly the boxers have picked it up, there were scenes, and then it transpired that Jack, the champion, had broken a bone in his left arm in the third round. In those circumstances, it was a plucky thing to stand up to a big man like Jim Johnson for another seven rounds and earn a draw. It probably showed that Jack's wrestling training has had the result of getting him into condition. His pluck has always been unquestioned, although he has evaded a good many fights, and steered clear of Sam Langford for years.

Farcical as was the match between the Johnsons, the one between Sam Langford and Joe Jeannette was of very different class. It was a pummelling hard battle all the way, and that Langford won makes the mystery of his defeat by Gunboat Smith the more remarkable. He was, of course, standing well under Jeannette, and played hard for Joe's body. It was said that the resounding thumps that he landed on Jeannette's ribs could be heard all over the building.

WHITE v. NEGRO.

It would serve no good purpose to chronicle the rounds, and I for one cannot rake up any enthusiasm for these negro fights. I think the promoters who pitted Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson against one another, in that first big mistake, were guilty of a hideous crime against humanity.

The races don't blend; they have nothing in common in ideals, in physical development, or intellect. We are told that the negro's brains are encased in a skull many degrees thicker than that which holds the thinking apparatus of even the most brutish of white men. I shall never forget the nauseating sensations I experienced when I saw the Langford and Lang battle at Olympia, or the Langford and Hague match at the National Sporting Club. I never went to see Peter Jackson because I was not compelled to, and the only black and white bout I have looked on at since Lang and Langford was Bandsman Rice and Bob Scanlon, so that I have to confess my education as being somewhat deficient, inasmuch as I have not seen the Dixie Kid.

ALEC LAMBERT, THE EX-AMATEUR FEATHER-WEIGHT CHAMPION, WHO BEAT CON HOUGHTON AT THE N.S.C

Now I am not saying a word against the negroes, and I don't want a word I have written to be construed into an attack on the race. I have known many extremely charming and interesting people on the stage and halls among the coloured races, but this I do maintain, that while the white races have to rule the world, the boxing arena is no place for them to meet on equality. There is plenty of room on the earth for the world's white champion, and the world's black or yellow champion to move without clashing. There can be no equality while the yellow peril is ever before us.

Meanwhile, what is the position of Gunboat Smith of America? He has beaten Langford, who claims the title from Johnson by default. Let us wipe it all out and begin over again, with each race in its proper class.

Bandsman Blake, who is being looked to to bring English boxing up to something like its old prestige, has made matches with Nicol Simpson and the Dixie Kid. As try-outs they are good ones, but both men are lighter than the class to which Blake aspires to belong. Indeed, both are little above welter-weights. Before these words are in circulation Blake will have met—and I think have defeated—Nicol Simpson, at the Liverpool Stadium on Boxing Day.

TOM NEWMAN, THE BRILLIANT YOUNG BILLIARD PROFESSIONAL, WHO IS SERIOUSLY THREATENING THE SUPREMACY OF THE [illegible]

He should have met Bandsman Rice, an Englishman of Italian parentage, at the Ring on New Year's Day, but there was some question of Rice's weight. He said he could not get down to less than 12st 4lbs, and the fight was off, and the Dixie Kid substituted. Now Rice is a particularly wicked fighter; I do not use the word wicked in a sense of wrongdoing, but he fights to hurt his man all the time, and it would have put a hall-mark on Blake if he could have whipped him. The Dixie Kid is as variable in his boxing as a woman in her moods and we may learn much or nothing from the bout. And he is also a negro.

Wells will have to meet P. O. Curran very soon, and I expect for the Lonsdale belt at headquarters. I am told that the seaman has improved a lot since he went to Australia and the double-quick time in which he outed Smith, the South African heavy-weight, at Plymouth, in six seconds, last week, would tend to show that he has

Bill Beynon has a chance of bringing the bantam-weight title back from France during the holidays, for he meets Charles Ledoux next Saturday at the American Rink, Cardiff. Ledoux, it will be remembered, won the European title when he beat Digger Stanley by the knock-out route at Dieppe in June, 1912.

THE RUGBY INTERNATIONAL TEAM.

From boxing we will turn to a less controversial but almost as interesting feature of current sport. I refer to the difficulties the Rugby Union Selection Committee are experiencing in picking the England side. They have put two nailing good teams in the field against the South and the North, and both times England has scored somewhat fluky victories. It to my mind points to the fact that there is a great big revival in Rugby footer in the country, and that we are in for a great year in the internationals

The success of Varsity teams and the trials as well as the difficulties which the presumably stronger clubs have had in overcoming some of the smaller fry, can only point to one of two things—either that the sides are all bad, and like bad horses are beating one another in turn, or that there is a general levelling up similar to that which has obtained in League football under the Soccer code. I think the latter reason is more likely the correct explanation.

It is true that in the trial match at Newcastle last Saturday some of the tried players did not enhance their old-time reputations, but the reason was that the three-quarters had an off day, men like Poulton and Dingle passing forward, knocking on and doing all sorts of silly things they would hardly be expected to do on a month of Sundays.

The England forwards did all that was expected of them, and did it as well as any backs could expect, but somehow or other there was bungling, and Oakeley and Davies did not quite hit it off at half-back. For the next trial at

Twickenham on January 3 a great change is made in this department. W. J. Cullen, the Oxford half, who has not yet got his blue owing to Knott's presence at the Varsity, being substituted for Davies, and Davies will play on the Rest side as partner to Beinthal.

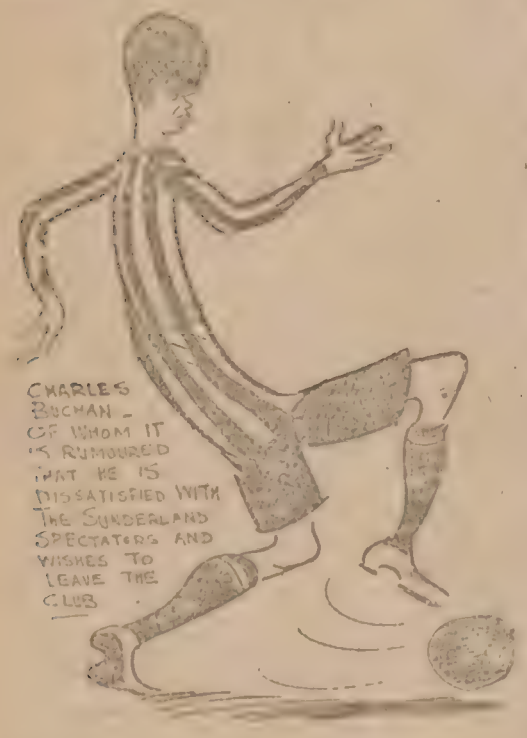
W. R. Johnson will play at back for England; that is certain; C. N. Lowe and R. W. Poulton are the practical certainties in the three-quarter line; and the forwards do not want a lot of touching up. The stand-off half and an inside and wing three-quarter are the Selection Committee's great difficulties at the moment, and they do not pretend to have solved it by the choices for the next trial I should imagine. The sides are:

England—W. R. Johnson (Bristol); C. N. Lowe (Cambridge University), E. Chapman (Hartlepool Rovers), R. W. Poulton (Liverpool), and A. J. Dingle (Hartlepool Rovers); F. E. Oakley (United Services), and W. J. Cullen (Oxford University); J. A. S. Ritson (Northern), C. H. Pillman (Blackheath), G. Ward (Leicester), L. G. Brown (Blackheath), A. F. Maynard (Cambridge University), J. E. Greenwood (Cambridge University), J. Brunton (North Durham), and A. G. Bull (Northampton).

Rest of England—T. W. L. Strother (Highgate O.B.), A. D. Roberts (Northern), F. N. Tarr (Leicester), F. E. Steinthal (Ilkley) and V. H. M. Coates (Bath); G. W. Wood (Leicester and F. M. Taylor (Leicester); W. J. Allen (Leicester) H. J. Laurie (Leicester), G. Hopkins (Leicester), S. Smart (Gloucester), H. C. Harrison (Northampton), T. Woods (Devonport Albion), C. S. L. Roberts (Guy's Hospital) and T. G. Fowler (Liverpool).

LEAGUE FOOTBALL.

Holiday League football as a rule gets the student off form in a bit of a tangle, but the epidemic broke out earlier than usual this year, and we had some topsy-turvy results last Saturday, and by the time the Christmas holidays are over, and the New Year matches are being discussed, we may have fresh leaders in both divisions of the Football League. In the Southern League Swindon have an overwhelming lead which will take a lot of wiping out, although they were beaten last week at home by Cardiff City.


CHARLES BUCHAN - OF WHOM IT IS RUMOURED THAT HE IS DISSATISFIED WITH THE SUNDERLAND SPECTATORS AND WISHES TO LEAVE THE CLUB

In the First League Blackburn Rovers and Manchester United have been running neck and neck all the year, with the Rovers holding a slight advantage, but that advantage was entirely wiped out when thanks to a paralysing display of goalkeeping on the part of Beale for Manchester, the United beat the Rovers at Blackburn last week by a goal to nothing. This gave Sunderland a chance to get nearer the top, and the champions of last season are now only a point behind the United and Rovers, who are equal in points.

I notice that Harry Low, one of the best half-backs who ever left Scotland for an English League club, was included in the Sunderland side, and he scored one of the two goals by which Oldham were beaten. A great attacking half is Harry Low, and I am glad he has regained his form, for he is one of the best socially.

All sportsmen, and Rugby footballers particularly, will sympathise with the Gould family on the death of one of its famous members in the person of G. H. ("Bert") Gould in South Africa. He was a younger brother of the famous Welsh International, Arthur J. Gould, and he died of pneumonia at Germiston, Johannesburg, last Saturday. Bert Gould, who was second of three brothers who played for Wales, and the fourth of six brothers who played for Newport, was forty-two years of age. His father, the late Joseph Gould, played football for Newport Athletic Club.

Bert Gould played for Newport's invincible team, under T. C. Graham's captaincy, in 1891 and 1892, and in 1893 played for the first invincible Welsh International team, against Scotland at Raeburn Place, and against Ireland at Llanelly. He was a sound centre three-quarter, a good runner, and an excellent kick. He left for South Africa about sixteen years ago, and was captain in one of the irregular forces during the war. He married a London lady, but had no children. Beyond the bare statement that he died from pneumonia, no information was given in the cable. He suffered from a scalding accident about three months ago, but the last letter home stated that he had practically recovered.

CRICKET.

G. P. Buckenham, the Essex professional cricketer, has accepted the position offered him by the Forfarshire County C.C. His departure to Scotland will mean a great loss to Essex cricket, as, despite a slight falling off his bowling last summer, he is a good bat, and in his day a very destructive fast bowler. Like other Essex bowlers, particularly Walter Mead, the "Essex Treasure," he has been overworked, owing to the weakness of the Essex attack generally.

We have won the first test match with South Africa, thanks to the bowling of Sidney Barnes, and the batting of Douglas, Hobbs, and Co. And we are looking forward to the second, which started on Boxing Day at Johannesburg. It would appear that we are to win the rubber in South Africa at last.

BILLIARDS.

The fact that Inman has staked £25 has set all doubts at rest as to his intention to defend his title as English Billiards Champion. The promoters were put in a bit of a quandary owing to the fact that there were three challengers as although the challenge round was to have been played at Holborn Hall, a preliminary competition had not been expected. However, arrangements have been made to play all the games at Halborn Hall, and it is needless to state this big place will be filled to its utmost. Gray and Reece will play their heat in the week beginning March 9, Stevenson will play the winner the following week to decide who shall meet Inman in the challenge round, which will be played during the fortnight commencing March 16.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Owing to the holidays our Financial Page is held over this week.

START THE NEW YEAR WITH £208 A YEAR FOR LIFE.

£4 a week for life is what we are offering in connection with our Football Competition. On the back page of this issue is one of our football competition coupons containing a list of twenty matches to be played on Saturday, Jan. 3rd, 1914. One of these correctly filled in will carry off our "£4 a week for life" prize. In addition, we offer 10s. a week for twelve months to the nearest correct, and 5s. a week for twelve months to the newsagent whose name and address appear on the coupon which is successful in securing our first prize.

YOU MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

CLOSING DATE:—

(First Post) FRIDAY, JAN. 2nd

Further particulars on back page.

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The Publishers, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

PANTOMANIA.

'Most every one knows what a pantomime is, but very few know what it's all about. Speaking confidentially, I don't know myself, but the following article will lift us all from the slough of ignorance in which at present we are wallowing.

When the curtain rises it comes forcibly home to us that we're in for a night of it, and those of us of more acute comprehension and a less pessimistic nature, who are able to put two and two together and make five, are cognizant of the fact that the damsels on the stage are singing. When they have shown us what they can do in this way, the hero, a lady with magnificent shoulders and large feet, enters and tells us in song how he got home last night after the club dinner and ten liqueurs. When she's—excuse me changing the sex—given us about as much as she reckons we can safely stand, her mother, the Dame, whose nose should be sued for defamation of character, relates reminiscences of her late 'usbing, a gentleman who was one of the b'hoys, and who, owing to a fondness for the cup that cheers and inebriates, gave up the ghost whilst in the full bloom of youth. Then, after the wicked Baron, the hero's sweetheart, and the rest of them are introduced, the Management, if in any way considerate, allows at this point an interval in which we recuperate and prepare for the worst.

In the last act the author remembers, or, at any rate, somebody does, that the hero has been left for some considerable time on an island in mid-Pacific, and as there's only about a quarter-of-an-hour to get him home to denounce the wicked Baron, and wed his blooming sweetheart (real blooming, I mean), well, he's got to rush it; and the audience goes home wondering whether it's been at a football match or a problem play.

The following succinct explanatory synopses of the three most popular pantomime tales will, therefore, I am sure, be heartily welcomed.

Little Red Riding Hood was a young lady so called by all who knew her, and perforce we have to follow their example. (If you wait at the Stage Door and take her out to supper any night she may permit you to call her Dolly, but I, as yet, am not so favoured.)

However, the young lady's grandma, being badly one day, instructed the housemaid to 'phone and tell her grandchild to bring along some new laid eggs, as her (grandma's) hens had neglected their duty shamefully lately. Little Red Riding Hood, therefore, set out instanter, and on the way, meeting a civilly-spoken wolf, she, instead of behaving sensibly and waiting for a proper introduction or calling a policeman, discussed the latest outrage of the militants and exchanged opinions on the Home Rule question.

By careful cross-examination the wolf learned her errand, thereupon excused himself, and ran to grandma's house in the woods.

He knocked at the door, and in answer to her inquiry, explained that he was her grandchild with a cold and a basket of eggs, the former of which, he was glad to say, was almost cured, thanks to Somebody's Cough Mixture.

"Ring the bell, and if Jane doesn't come, I'll discharge her," said the old lady. But Jane, the wolf had noticed, was down in the area with a policeman.

"In any case," continued grandma, "you can open the door by turning the handle."

Accordingly, the wolf entered, walked into grandma's bedroom, and gobbled her up.

"Tough, but quite pleasant," he remarked, licking his chops, as he got into bed with a view to making a dessert of Little Red Riding Hood.

When that young lady duly arrived, she entered her soi-disant grandma's bedroom, and we learn from the fact that she did not recognise the wolf in granny's clothing, that the late deceased must have been a notoriously ugly old lady, who might have manipulated a safety razor with considerable advantage.

However, after a little while, Little Red Riding Hood, whose principal fault, I now perceive, was the length of her cognomination, began to pass personal remarks.

"What a funny face you've got, grandma!" she exclaimed

"Umph!" said the wolf.

"What enrious ears and eyes!"

"Look here," growled the wolf, who was a trifle vain of his personal appearance, "chuck it. You haven't much to brag about yourself in that line. Your nose is pug, and you squint. So"—the wolf occasionally used Americanisms—"can it!"

"But granny, why don't you get your teeth seen to?"

The wolf, however, would listen to no more, and after explaining its purpose, sprang at the young lady, who, luckily, was possessed of infinite resource, and, still more luckily, her basketful of eggs. These she hurled one by one at the advancing wolf, and as she had had an extensive experience of cocoanut shies at the village fairs, every egg found its billet.

One of them reflected grave discredit on its progenitor, and could no doubt have traced its pedigree back to the time of the Plantagenets. This proved too much for the wolf, and as he sank to the floor in a stupor, Little Red Riding Hood jumped on his neck. She then went down to the area, and after convincing the policeman that all danger was over, prevailed upon him to escort to the lock-up the misguided wolf, who, in due course, paid (as our novelists say) the full penalty of his misdeeds.

The moral of this affecting tale is so apparent that you can look for it for yourselves.

The tale of Robinson Crusoe is another story of doubtful morality.

Alone on a desert island, marooned by false friends, curse 'em, monarch of all he surveyed, this gentleman one day perceived footprints in the sands. He retired to think the matter over, and finally came to the conclusion that the owner had big feet. Still, what are feet if the heart's in the right place?

And so, when he sallied forth, he found that faithful friend of after years, Man Friday, so called because his acquaintance was made on a Monday, that is, Mr. Crusoe's Fry Day, just as Tuesday was his Stew Day. So that's another popular fallacy fall'n from its high estate.

Many years afterward, as was only right, they were delivered from their living tomb by a passing coalboat in which they worked their passage home, where, for a fabulous sum, Crusoe sold to an aged spinster who was advertising for a cheery companion, the parrot that he had successfully instructed in the use of Billingsgate.

With their ill-gotten gains to comfort them, they lived most happily; and in the flight of time Mr. Crusoe joined a Temperance Society, and died; and, although that last sentence has nothing whatever to do with cause and effect, Friday soon followed him to the grave.

The idyll of the Babes in the Wood has always, in my mind, possessed the same properties as an onion, each bringing tears to my eyes with equal facility.

A wicked Baron, being anxious (to use a euphuism) to do away with the lawful possessors of his estate, fed them on rat poison. But the youngsters thrived on it; and things came to a pretty pass when they were discovered pilfering it from the pantry with the aid of Motley's Dutch Republic.

Recognising that there was nothing else for it, the Baron hired two ruffians to cut the little innocents' heads off. Accordingly, the degraded wretches led their victims into a neighbouring wood, and were just in the act of performing their heinous mission when they received a Marconigram from their Union, ordering them to "down tools"; this they did immediately, and one of them remarked to the children:

"You kids 'll better slide off home. We've gone on strike."

"But where is home?" cried Tommy, if that was his name. I expect it was.

At this juncture one of the fellows made that well-known *bon mot* which has given our police force a cosmopolitan fame.

"Ask a policeman," he replied calmly.

It was after they had vainly searched for a constable that they became weary, and laid themselves down to sleep beneath a sheltering tree.

Some say they died; some say they didn't. Some say—although *I* say, and I ought to know—but if you're going to drag other people's opinions into the middle of my article, I won't say anything.

Any other human documents I have not touched upon that you wish to learn of, you will find it related in full in the Encyclopædia Britannica. Leastways, if you don't it's not my fault.

ERIC DE BANZIE.

EXPRESSIVE OPINIONS.

A half-penny daily is puzzling its readers with the Christmas conundrum: "Why do you love us?" and the editor has devoted two columns daily for the past week to letters on this soul-stirring subject. The editor of the *Puff-Puff*, for such is the paper's name, has been kind enough to hand some of these letters over to us, a few of which we reprint below:—

Sir,—I shall always read your soothing paper because it is so consistent. I counted up the number of words in yesterday's issue, which amounted to 271,647. The day before there were exactly the same number, with one full-stop extra, and this amount rarely varies by more than one or two words. Consistency! I have always read your paper, and I firmly believe that it has helped to make me the man I am. Besides, they provide it free here.

SEMPER IDEM (Colney Hatch).

* * *

Sir,—Yours is a wonderful paper; it doesn't let the vinegar out, and my customers say that it imparts a delicate, nutty flavour to the chip-potatoes.

* * * SAM ISAACS.

Sir,—After all, "It's a long, long worm that keeps on turning," and "Fine words do *not* butter no parsnips," also you split your infinitives in the neatest manner imaginable, so I dreamily buy your magic paper.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

* * *

Sir,—I bought your paper, in error, two days ago; since then I have bought no other.

Yours truly, CYNICUS.

* * *

Dear Sir,—You will always hold your just place in our hearts. To me your paper is more satisfying than any of Charles Garvice's novels; your headlines are *so* thrilling, and the letterpress so speedily removes all apprehension, so that my breakfast-time is a series of thrills of fear and relief. Your alliteration is just too clever for anything; I liked those headings about "George's Joyful Gambols (Gambles)," and "Bonar's Bloody Banner." And your descriptive diagrams, too. Fancy your artist knowing that the type used for all your issues, if placed end to end, would reach four times to the sun and back, and that even then there would be enough left over to carpet a room! I am glad also that you do not encourage the Suffragettes. * * * GERTIE GUSH.

Sir,—Why do I subscribe to the *Puff-Puff?* Because it is the only really Radical paper published in England.

* * * G. B. S.

Sir,—The soulful yearnings of your contributor, "Mary Gleameye," find an answering throb within my bosom. Might I suggest one thing? Don't be too severe with Mr. Lloyd George; I am sure that he must have felt hurt at your cartoon of yesterday, in which the artist had robbed him of his—well, a certain necessary portion of his clothing. "Votes for Women," I am pleased that you advocate

* * * SPINSTER.

Sir,—Your's is *the* domestic paper "par excellence." It's texture is soft so that it can be put to many homely uses. For instance, with a little ingenuity, any reader, as I have done, can easily convert one copy into fifteen cocoon cases for silkworms. Other useful objects that can be made from your valuable paper are dunce's hats, and even "Omega workshop" shirt-fronts. I find also that, with some care, and a little manipulation, pipe-lighters and cigar-lighters can be manufactured from the wondrous *Puff-Puff*.

FATHER OF THIRTEEN (Stockwell).

* * *

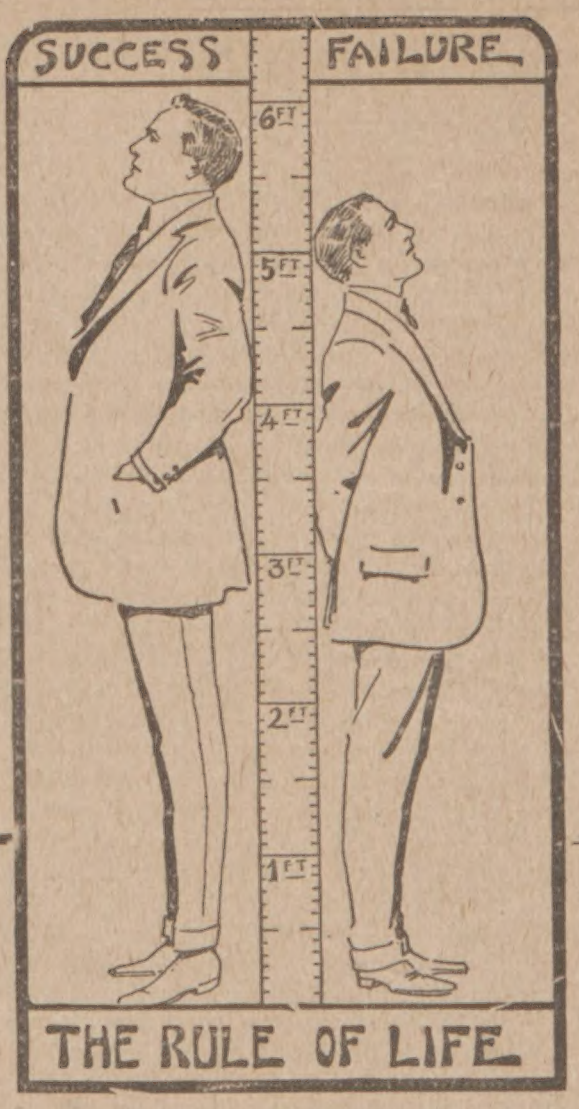
Sir,—I withdraw from the ranks of your subscribers, until you change the name of your paper. I think that the title, *Puff-Puff*, is much too undignified and frivolous for a sober and sedate periodical, such as yours. Also my little boy disagrees with your politics.

ALGERNON ASHPAN.

* * *

Sir,—With all deference might I advise that you discontinue your column on gardening, and your advertisements, and substitute regular features on hymnology and theosophy. I favour your paper because it is printed in seven columns (a mystic number), and with black type on a white ground, thus suggesting the clash of evil (black) with purity (white), and the effect of black and white spirits upon the soul.

Prof. JOHN WALKER, M.Sc. Ph.D.



THE RULE OF LIFE

It does not seem fair that a short man should have fewer opportunities of succeeding than a tall man, but it is a fact.

There are many things in life that do not seem fair. It is useless for us to grumble about them. What we have to do is to remedy matters as far as we can.

If a man sits down and grumbles because he is short, he is wasting time. What he ought to do is to increase his height.

This **can** be done by my system. The testimonials I am constantly receiving from my students prove it.

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

Lance-cpl. F. C. Y. (Chatham) writes: "Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable, and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribed for me, taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the army some time, and a considerable time having elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2¼ inches."

Such testimony counts for more than any general assertions that I could make. The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers. Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the Increase of Height,

Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, LONDON, N.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

If the cream of our blood-stock continues to increase in value as it has done during recent years, there is no telling what it will cost to purchase a Derby winner in say about ten years' time. Following the record sales at Newmarket early in December, comes the news that Mr. A. W. Cox, better known under the assumed name of Mr. Fairie, has refused the offer of 55,000 gns. for Lemberg, winner of the Derby of 1910. The offer is said to have been made on behalf of the Russian Government.

Simultaneously with the refusal to sell Lemberg, comes the information that Louviers, the brother to Louvois, who ran second to Minoru, only beaten in a desperately exciting finish in the July of 1909, has been purchased from Mr. Raphael, to go to Russia, for something like 25,000 gns Aboyeur, this year's Derby winner, has also gone to that country, his price being 15,000 gns. It is worth recalling that Craganour, disqualified in Aboyeur's Derby, brought exactly twice as much as that sensational blue riband victor last summer, Mr. Martinez de Hoz paying 30,000 gns. for him.

Perhaps the most notable sale of the past year was that of Prince Palatine to Mr. J. B. Joel, for the big sum of 40,000 gns. This figure, it will be recalled, would have been increased by 5,000 gns., but for the son of Persimmon's failure in the Goodwood Cup. Mention of Mr. J. B. Joel reminds me that at one time that gentleman refused the fabulous sum of 80,000 gns. for Sunstar, who won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby in 1911, Mr. Joel stating at the time that money could not buy the horse.

Although it requires another three months before the Grand National will be decided, it is safe to assume that the field for the Aintree race will be a very good class one. Lutteur III., the French horse, who won in 1911, is a likely competitor, and performers like Covertcoat, Ballyhackle, Irish Mail, Carsey, Rory O'Moore, to mention a few of our best, are likely to make a great race of it.

Considering that Irish Mail is only a six-year-old, I think it is quite on the cards that one day he will credit Sir C. Assheton Smith with another success in the blue riband of the steeplechasing world. It will be recalled that Irish Mail finished second to his present stable companion, Covertcoat, in the race last Spring, and in the Grand Sefton Steeplechase last November he was second, narrowly beaten by Ballyhackle. That form proved him to be exceedingly good, and his last feat in beating Rory O'Moore at Hurst Park the other day was another smart performance.

Irish Mail's jumping in the latter race was very fine, and although he nearly came on his nose at the last obstacle, he scored in clever style after having several lengths leeway to make up. A word of praise is due to his jockey, Percy Woodland, who rode a capital race. Woodland was making a reappearance after some three weeks' absence, caused through an injury which he sustained at Kempton Park. Piggott and Woodland are the two finest jockeys riding over the sticks these days.

With the holidays now over, there are two meetings to be decided before the New Year, Cheltenham occupying Monday, and Newbury, Tuesday and Wednesday. Manchester fills the bill on New Year's Day and Friday, and Saturday is without a fixture. At Cheltenham on Monday, Adelante may take the Charlton Handicap Steeplechase, Sentry the Amateur Riders' Handicap Steeplechase, Mandonius the Malvern Three-year-old Selling Hurdle, and Wavylace the Winchcombe Handicap Hurdle.

The Yatesbury Selling Hurdle at Newbury on Tuesday may fall to Londerry, the Reading Steeplechase to Lamentable, and the Open Steeplechase to Rory O'Moore. On Wednesday Bloodstone may secure the Lambourne Handicap Steeplechase, Ante the Wilts Selling Steeplechase, and Molly's Birthday the Berkshire Hurdle.

On the opening day of the New Year at Manchester, Blind Hookey should win the New Year Handicap Hurdle, Claret Lad the Thursday Selling Hurdle, and Pleasure Garden the January Handicap Steeplechase. On the concluding day Hannibal may win the Paddock Handicap Steeplechase, and Minthorp the Juvenile Selling Hurdle.

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OUR HYGIENIC COLD CURE.

Vera met me at the door.

"I suppose, dear," she enquired, hopefully, "you haven't influenza, have you?"

I gladly assured her of my immunity.

Her face fell. "I was afraid not," she murmured.

Then she explained. The medical expert of the *Daily Rag* had at last discovered the authentic cure for colds and influenza, and that estimable newspaper handed it on gratis—incidentally filling up two columns.

"All these years," said Vera, regretfully, "we have been quite wrong in our treatment of head colds. We have coddled where we ought to harden, and eaten when abstinence would have proved our great friend. How well you look, dear. And I did so want to cure you."

I felt basely ungrateful.

Next day, however, Providence remembered Vera with a rush. It was in this wise. At half-past three in the afternoon Augustus Vaughan placed some papers on my desk and made a noise like a cat four times in rapid succession. Augustus Vaughan is our office boy and subject to vagaries, so I heeded not his warning sneeze.

Two hours later the whole aspect of the world changed. I closed down my desk, took down the wrong hat and went home. Vera was out.

I sat down and tore off my boots; there was no lead whatever in them, though I had imagined them full. Then I measured my head. That was all right, although I had been prepared to swear that it was twice the usual size.

Just as I struck the match that was to kindle a glowing fire in the bedroom Vera came in. She was horrified.

"Fire?" she said. "Never! It's next door to suicide. You must really let me cure this scientifically, dearest. The first thing essential is a good clear current of air."

She opened about a score of windows and doors. "It must play on you," she explained.

I don't know what it played at, but it won; and presently I sneezed dismally. "That's a splendid sign," she declared, hopefully. "Do you feel healthily cool?"

I corroborated (substituting a different adjective), and reached for a blanket.

Vera was kind but firm.

"Not that!" she exclaimed, dramatically. "Never that! We must keep the temperature down, whatever happens."

"Keep it down!" I echoed, feebly. "I think you've exterminated it. I can't feel any temperature left."

Every two hours Vera brought me nourishment. First, some iced water, then a glass of soda-water, and at supper-time two thick slices of bread and a cup of cold cocoa.

"It must be cold, dear," she explained. "Nothing exciting, you see." I agreed that it was anything but exciting.

She decided that I was to sleep on the couch. There were two reasons for this, both hygienic. First, that I might remain in what she called a "current of air," and secondly, to avoid the risk of infection.

"I do want to be able to nurse you," she added, unselfishly.

I thanked her with my eyebrows. They alone did not shiver, being fairly firmly fixed on.

Vera sleeps dreamlessly and well. I watched her for four hours; then the inspiration occurred.

When she awoke I was busily writing, still in the draught, still shivering. She surveyed me critically. "You ought not to be working," she admonished.

I brandished the paper feebly.

"I've left everything to you," I moaned, "except my gold watch. That is for the medical expert of the *Daily Rag*. I'm sure—he—did—his best."

Vera sprang out of bed and lighted the fire in less than a minute.

"Get into bed and keep yourself warm," she implored. "I'll go and make you some soup."

I watched her close the door. Then, chuckling feebly, I folded (and hid) the article on thoroughbred dogs which I had been writing.

M. ELLIS WINTER.

THE OUTER MAN.

The "Outer Man" column is held over this week, the "copy" having gone astray in the post.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRAMOPHONE. 20-guinea handsome, hornless, inlaid Sheraton cabinet, height 4ft., record cupboard, completely enclosed, on wheels; purchased April; with records, £5 10s. Approval willingly.—3, Aubert Park, Highbury, London.

Moustaches Forced on Smoothest Face. Trial supply, 7d. Immediate results. Particulars, 1d. stamp.—Spa Chemical (138) Co., 19, Bride Lane, London.

Develop Your Will-Power, Concentration, and Memory by "The St. Settef Course." *Modern Life* says: "We cordially recommend this admirable system." Complete Course (four lessons), 2s. 6d. Particulars free. The St. Settef Institute (Dept. M), Perth, N.B.

EVERY SMOKER would save money by writing for our Liberal Introductory Packages Free. Empire Tobaccos, 10. South Street, London.

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If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY, and you feel weak, worn out, or jaded, send 4d. for my book, "Nervous Breakdowns," and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess. Thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience. It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with Special Chapters on Flagging of the Powers. Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength, and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, or restore their Failing Energies. It will be sent in a plain sealed envelope to any address on receipt of Four Penny Stamps.

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A New Year's Gift! £208 a Year for LIFE.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN IT.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, Jan. 3rd, 1914, and for the first prize of £4 a week for life you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £208 a year for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

Conditions Governing the Competition.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, January 3rd, 1914. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 5 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, January 2nd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £208 a year for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 5

Matches to be played on Saturday, January 3rd, 1914. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BLACKBURN	v.	ASTON VILLA
BOLTON	v.	MANCHESTER UNITED
BRADFORD CITY	v.	MIDDLESBROUGH
CHELSEA	v.	OLDHAM ATHLETIC
EVERTON	v.	NEWCASTLE
SUNDERLAND	v.	LIVERPOOL
WEST BROMWICH	v.	PRESTON
BLACKPOOL	v.	BARNSLEY
CLAPTON	v.	GLOSSOP
GRIMSBY	v.	LEICESTER
LINCOLN CITY	v.	BURY
NOTTS FOREST	v.	HULL
WOOLWICH	v.	WOLVES
HUDDERSFIELD	v.	FULHAM
CRYSTAL PALACE	v.	MILLWALL
MERTHYR	v.	QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS
PLYMOUTH	v.	SWINDON
READING	v.	EXETER CITY
WEST HAM	v.	BRISTOL ROVERS
WATFORD	v.	BRIGHTON

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

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